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"LIBERTY, H[illegible]NESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1838. NO. 857.---VOL. XVII.—NO. 2.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

BY REV. H. WINSLOW.

The next qualification is a habit of *industry*. This is essential to every productive virtue; it should be early formed and vigorously maintained. The temptations with young women in the present state of society to neglect it are numerous, and too often fatal. How many of our daughters, because their parents are able to support them, or because the mothers or servants assume the burden of domestic care, or because they are looking for some connection which will exempt them from the necessity of personal effort, form habits of fixed and hopeless indolence!

This evil is by no means confined to any one class. In the rich, it is the ambition of the poor, to appear above the necessity of effort. But it is a false and pernicious sentiment. We were made for action; we are never in true honor but when actively engaged to the extent of our ability in accomplishing some good; and this is as true of woman as of man. Because it devolves on the man mainly to provide support for his family, does it therefore follow that wives and daughters have nothing or little to do? By no means. There still remains a most important service for them, and they are still as sacredly bound to make the most they possibly can of all their time and strength, in some useful employment, as if they were compelled to do it for their daily bread. To be diligently and usefully employed to the extent of her ability is one of the first lessons to be inculcated upon the little miss, and to be continually impressed upon her through all the subsequent periods of her childhood, youth, and womanhood. Considering the great proneness to indolence in all human beings, and the fact that fashion and respectability so much sanction it in certain classes of females, it may be regarded as one of the most besetting and dangerous vices of our young women at the present time. There is with multitudes of them an enormous waste of energy, physical, intellectual, and moral; the sin of burying the talent is with them a crying sin.

But the *blame* is not wholly theirs. The vices entertained by many of the other sex the false notion of refinement encouraged by society at large, have contributed to make our daughters suppose that it is essential to the character and standing of a lady to be as indolent and useless as possible. The least that she can know experimentally of the manner in which even her own daily food is prepared, or her own clothes made; or of the more severe and useful labors of the *mind*, whether in acquiring or imparting knowledge; or of the wants and reliefs of the poor and needy;—and the more she spends her mornings in bed, her evenings at novels or amusements, her mid-day hours in sauntering and lounging about, or exposing her person in the streets,—the more of an accomplished lady is she! What notion can be more false and pernicious? Yet I need not tell you it is popular, common, extending to all classes and conditions of society. Many of all classes are aiming to bring up their daughters in this way. So countenanced is it, that the daughters of the poorest as well as the richest often blush to have it said or supposed, that they have been engaged in some useful employment. I repeat it, the fault is not so much in the young women as those who have the charge of bringing them up, and in public sentiment. For a young *man* to be usefully engaged, is *necessary* to his good standing in society; but for a young *woman* to be thus engaged, is not only not *necessary*, but rather *prejudicial* to her character as a refined and accomplished lady!

This public sentiment falling in with the natural disposition to idleness, is it strange that the result is a wide-spread and most melancholy paralysis of female energy? I speak within due and considerate limits when I assert, that in a large class of females not one-tenth part of useful results are accomplished by their existence, which might be accomplished. Their lives, compared with what they might be, are almost a barren waste, a dead blank on the scale of being. Instead of being any thing that resembles corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace, their history is rather that of hothouse plants. They spring into being, vegetate, and are gazed at, perhaps admired, for a little season; they then fade and vanish away forever!

The evils of this indolence in females extend to every thing with which they have to do. A grasshopper becomes to them a burden. To accomplish even a little thing costs them a prodigious and most exhausting effort. They cannot endure to *study*;—hence they must have teachers that will save them from the necessity of it, and yet by superficial means flatter them and their parents with a fine show of learning. They cannot endure to *think*;—hence they must have books of the most light and popular character, addressed principally to their imaginations and feelings. They cannot endure any domestic labor;—hence they must remain in ignorance of the things to be done in their own households, and thus subject themselves and their families to those numerous troubles from servants, which result from the ignorance and inefficiency of the mistress; to say nothing of the sacrifice of property in domestic wastes, for the want of some one to look well to the ways of her household. They cannot endure to walk;—hence they must be provided with a coach, not only when it is really necessary, but when they might as well walk, and when walking would comport much better with their means. They have not sufficient energy to sympathize with the cares, the duties, and trials of their husbands;—hence their husbands must bear their burdens alone, uncared for and unaided; and sometimes even experience the influence of their wives as a dead weight upon them, to bring down their tottering resolution to the dust. They cannot endure to look after the education of their children;—hence their little one must be committed entirely to others to toil for them alone, (thankless task!) or their young minds must be permitted to shoot up at random. They have not sufficient knowledge to select the best teachers;—hence their children must take their chance. They have not sufficient resolution to *govern* their children;—hence they must, so far as the mother is concerned, go ungoverned, and perhaps, as a consequence, be ruined. And, finally, they sometimes become so irresolute that they cannot, without a ghostly effort, even return their neighbor's friendly call; and the consequence perhaps is green-eyed jealousy and a breach of friendship. All is full of evil, trouble, disaster, resulting from their indolence and inefficiency. Their suns rise and set; weeks, months, and years run on; they bring almost nothing to pass, and yet they complain of having so much to do! They are laboriously employed in doing nothing. Their health becomes feeble; their spirits droop; they become nervous, peevish, unhappy;—instead of shedding light and joy over the domestic circle, they render it unhappy. Yes, the beautiful and admired daughter, or the engaging wife and mother, as she appears in the excitements of the drawing-room or the assembly, too often retires to the domestic circle, where most of all she should make her excellence to be seen and felt, there to exhibit the bitter fruits of selfish indolence in the everlasting sighs and complaints of peevish discontent!

As then you would secure the well-being of your daughters, and of all with whom they may have to do, be sure to train them to industry. Never allow them to think that their hands are too good to perform any useful work, or that any task is too laborious for their perseverance to accomplish, or any study or art too hard for their minds and their industry. Let them early learn and ever remember the motto, '*Labor pertinax omnia vincit*;' and let the great motives and encouragements to industry be kept constantly before them. With carefulness never to overtax their powers, let the hours of every day be sacredly appropriated; let not a single hour be lost. Let them rise early and enter directly upon the assigned duties of the day, and pass with the most exact economy of time through the successive hours for domestic duties, study, giving or receiving necessary calls, exercise, miscellaneous reading, devotions, &c. Let them learn to do all with the utmost fidelity, diligence, and despatch; and always, before retiring, let them call themselves to strict account for the manner in which they have spent the day.

For all this industry they will find sufficient occasion, in securing a thorough knowledge of the various domestic duties, and in discharging those duties; in disciplining their minds and storing them with knowledge; in cultivating their moral powers and affections; in training and educating their children; in administering relief to the needy and sympathy to the afflicted; in promoting religion by their assistance in Sabbath schools, by their intelligent Christian conversation, by their prayers and their cheering sympathy; in a word, in securing and sustaining the elevated character and influence requisite to their successful promotion of the noblest and most valuable interests of our existence. Without this, therefore, they fail to rise to the proper dignity and glory of their sex.

Mothers! in the name of religion and humanity, I charge you, teach your daughters *industry*. No matter how much of wealth and beauty and refined accomplishments they have; without *this* virtue, they are unfit to be either wives, or mothers, or members of society,—without this, their husbands, their children, the society of which they are to be members, will suffer a greater loss in respect to them than can be atoned for—greater than my pen shall attempt to describe.

HONESTY.—A certain poor widow, one winter's day, had just consumed her little stock of wood in cooking a scanty meal for herself and children without knowing where she could obtain any more. She put her children to bed, soon after, and sat shivering over a handful of dying embers, in full view of a large wood-pile, belonging to her rich, hard-hearted neighbor. The thought darted into her mind, 'had I but one handful of that wood to keep me from freezing, how glad I should be; he has enough and would never miss it.' After many struggles, she concluded to go after her neighbor had gone to bed, and get one handful, that she might be able to cook herself some breakfast. She went and picked up the wood, but the thought of stealing so overwhelmed her, that forgotting where she was she spoke aloud, 'Have I come to this? Must I steal? O, I cannot. But if I don't I must freeze. But O, I can't steal.' She threw down the wood and walked away. Again the horrors of winter drove her back, again she picked up the wood, and again threw it down saying, 'I can't steal, and if I perish, I will perish.' She went home and went to bed.—The rich man stood in the door and heard all that the poor woman had said, and it softened his heart. Early next morning, he sent her 8 loads of wood, ready cut, and other articles, telling her that she was welcome; adding, 'you fairly beat the devil out of me last night.'

THE BIBLE IN CEYLON.—As I was travelling in a jungle in the dead of the night, which is the usual time for travelling, I heard a voice reading. I drew near the cottage, and found that the party were reading the word of God. I put aside the leaves, of which the cottage was composed, and saw the whole group, consisting of three or four generations, sitting on the ground, while a youth was reading the 14th of St. John. I waited in silence to see the result; and at the conclusion, the boy began to invoke the Divine blessing on what he had read; and one of the petitions was very remarkable: he prayed that God would make larger the ears of his grandmother. I suppose from this circumstance, that his poor relative was so deaf that she could not hear those truths which he admired himself. These instances were formerly rare, but they are now spreading over the whole land; and though I am no prophet, yet I will venture to predict, that nothing like half a century will pass, ere it be said, there are no heathen temples and no idols remaining in Ceylon.—*Rev. Mr Fox.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

POLITICAL VIRTUE.—No. 1.

Some profess the opinion that there is no inseparable connection between private and official character; that there is no common principle, that is equally applicable to both; that, on the one hand, a bad neighbor, son, father, or husband, may be a good magistrate or legislator, while, on the other hand, one who is unimpeachable in his private conduct may be utterly unprincipled in public life. It is true, the history of the world affords some examples, which may give a kind of plausibility to such a doctrine. Those, who, in the common intercourse of life, are regardless of the most sacred obligations, sometimes manage the affairs of state with apparent integrity; and some, who, in private, appear just and generous, make no scruple of sacrificing the dearest interests of their country to a selfish ambition. In such cases, however, there is an incongruity, which invalidates all pretensions to principle, even where the conduct is correct. Moral virtue must be consistent and universal, or it is a mere name, a mere delusion. It is the same at all times, in all places, and in all circumstances. In private and in public it flows from one and the same fountain; from one principle, which is all controlling as well as unchanging. He therefore, who, in ordinary life, shows little or no regard to moral principle, is not to be entrusted with the public interests, though a regard to his own emolument or reputation might possibly induce him to pursue a right course in the more elevated sphere, to which he had attained. If, on the other hand, men of lawless ambition, who in their selfish career trample on all the rights of their country, are sometimes irreproachable in their private conduct, we cannot give them credit for the purity of their motives, even where their conduct is correct. In both cases, what is outwardly right might have flowed from selfish considerations, or at best from those native feelings, which are rarely corrupted to such a degree, as to prefer cruelty or wrong for its own sake; or to inflict evil on others, without a prospect of deriving some advantage from it.

An inspired teacher has said, 'Whosoever keepeth the whole law, excepting one point, is guilty of all;' by which it is to be understood that, if he disregards the authority of the lawgiver in one command, he cannot pretend to obey any other command, from a proper regard to that authority. The same doctrine lies at the foundation of ethics, or natural morality. If there is a God of perfect justice and goodness; if that God is the Creator of all things, the Former of our bodies, the Father of our spirits, and the Author of all our endowments; he must have a design in all his gifts and operations; and in the exercise of those powers and faculties, which we derive from him, we must either be free from any obligation to regard his will, or we must in all cases be equally bound to regard it, so far as it is made known. If, for example, it is the will of God that we should be just and kind to one man, who lives at the distance of a mile from us, no reason can be imagined why we should not observe the same law toward another, at the distance of ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand miles. It is true, our opportunities for doing them evil or good may vary with the distances; but, whenever these opportunities occur, our obligations to make a good use of them are invariably the same. Again, if we are bound by any natural law to regard the rights of one man, we are bound by the same law to regard the rights of all the thousands and millions, composing the state or nation, in which we live; and if the private rights of an individual are sacred, so also are those public immunities, which, as a social being, he holds in connection with others. All things public and private are united by ten thousand ties, inseparably connected in the unchangeable nature of things. 'What God has joined let no man' attempt to 'put asunder.'

S. W.

THE SINGLE OBJECT OF PEACE SOCIETIES.

The sole aim of our efforts in the cause of peace is the *entire and perpetual abolition of war between nations.* This would of course draw in its train a cluster of associated results; but such results like the influence of Christianity on the interests of commerce and freedom, of literature and science, would be incidental, rather than a part of the specific object at which we aim. The universal reign of peace would do much to banish from the earth piracy, and robbery, and theft, and intemperance, and slavery, a thousand vices and crimes; yet no person of common intelligence would take the removal of such evils to be the object of peace-makers.

If you ask whether our cause does not *include rebellion and civil war*, we answer, that such domestic broils may, or may not, come within our province. If it be the insurrection of unorganized individuals, it clearly comes under the cognizance of civil government as an affair with persons regarded still as subjects; but, if it be a conflict between two governments claiming jurisdiction over the same territory, it is war in the strictest, most terrible sense, and lies within the range of our appropriate efforts.

'But do you not oppose duelling, and other kinds of violent contention between individuals?' A right application of our principles would certainly sweep all these away; but it is not our specific aim to abolish such evils; just as the temperance reform, restricting itself to intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks, does not meddle with any other form of intemperance, such as the use of opium and tobacco, of tea, and coffee, and stimulating food. Its principles are applicable to every department of temperance; but they are confined, by universal consent, to that of alcoholic liquors. So the principles of peace are applicable to every form of violent contention; but our cause contemplates only the conflicts of one nation with another.

If you ask whether we would not extend our principles to individuals, and families, and churches, and the whole circle of social relations, we frankly say, that consistency would require us to do all this as individuals, but not as promoters of international peace. The pacific precepts of the gospel apply to mankind in all their intercourse with each other; but our cause aims at the application of these principles only to the intercourse of nations; just as the temperance cause, while its principles are universally applicable, is concerned solely with the use of distilled or intoxicating liquors.

'But would you not deny the right of self-defence by force against personal attacks, and insist on our bearing every kind and degree of injury without resistance?' This may, or may not, be one of our means; but no friend of peace deems it any part of our object. Not a few of us think the doctrine of non-resistance by force essential to the accomplishment of our object; but our grand, our sole aim is the uninterrupted prevalence of peace among all nations. How such a result can be reached, is a point to be discussed in a future number.

Now, must not such an object commend itself strongly to every friend of God and man? However much they may differ in other respects, are not the friends of peace perfectly united in their ultimate aim, and bound by the strongest obligations to combine their utmost endeavors for the accomplishment of a common object confessedly so good and glorious? Here is certainly *room* enough for the consistent, unembarrassed co-operation of them all. And has not the crisis for action come? Is it not high time to do something?

A DIRECTOR OF THE AM. PEACE SOC.

For the Register and Observer.

THE DEER PARK.

It was on the morning of the 2d of November, that in company with two others, I started on an excursion to examine a remarkable natural curiosity in the neighborhood of Utica, Illinois which bore the name of the Deer Park. The day previous, I had spent much time on the Starved Rock, a steep rocky promontory, projecting for the distance of several yards into the Illinois river. In its general appearance, it differs not greatly from other bluffs and rocks, which are to be met with on the shores of the western streams, but chiefly remarkable for the conspicuous place, which it holds in the annals of traditionary lore. The prospect of the surrounding prairies and high bluffs from its elevated summit, associated in your mind with the memorable history from which it derives its name, makes this rock, in itself, an object of no ordinary interest.

I should have left Utica, however, satisfied with the enjoyment I had already received, had it not been for a gentleman long resident in that country, by whom I was urged to visit the Deer Park. He stated to me, that the Park was a place of frequent resort of his, and that those, who had seen it, pronounced it a much greater curiosity than Starved Rock.

Having crossed the Illinois in a small shallop with my companions, we commenced a journey of four miles over a country, widely different in its aspect from the prairies, being a succession of steep bluffs and abruptly rising hills, which rendered our progress both tiresome and difficult. The path we had been directed to pursue, was at times hardly distinguishable, so little had it been travelled, and so much was it overgrown, by the luxuriant herbage of that fertile country. It was near noon, that arriving on the brink of a steep ravine, we supposed ourselves, according to the directions of our guide, at the entrance of the Park; it was necessary however, to descend by a circuitous path, into the dark abyss beneath;—this we effected after some considerable scratching from the shrubs, which lay in our way. We now found ourselves encompassed on both sides by extremely high overhanging cliffs, which nearly excluded the sun's rays, rendering the temperature quite cold.

Before us lay a long narrow causeway or defile, the stupendous rocks increasing in height as we advanced. The prospect was one of gloomy grandeur;—After proceeding a few rods and crossing a small stream, whose waters were exceedingly clear, we discovered that the rocks on our right projected very abruptly, forming a sharp angle with the continuous range on our left; a deviation which seemed to debar our further approach. I began to think that this defile must be the extent of the Park, although we had not as yet perceived any manifestations of grottoes or caverns, as described by our guide; determining not to be disappointed for want of perseverance, we continued to press on through this solitary chasm, until turning the sharp projection above mentioned, in an instant, the harvest of our toils we reaped. A scene was before me, compared with which, every thing I had yet seen, sank into nothingness! We stood in mute astonishment, mingled with awe, unable to express the emotions of our souls.—The transition from the gloomy defile through which we had just passed, to the present scene of sublimity and beauty, reminded me forcibly of the change, which the Christian must experience, in passing from the gloom and sorrow of earth, to the sublime realities of heaven.

After our feelings had in a measure subsided, we found that the space, at whose threshold we stood, was an amphitheatre or semi-circular arena, the stupendous archways of rock, alluded to by our guide, forming part of the base. Something very peculiar however in the construction of these archways, is that they themselves are arches, being formed by the joining together of inclined columns of rock, at an angle I should judge of about thirty degrees, and the inclination being equal for each archway, their appearance is extremely regular.—We were informed by our guide, that the profection on each side was eighty feet, and the space between, of the same breadth; so that the base of the semi-circle becomes equally divided into three parts. The height of the arches above us, was one hundred and fifty feet; the reader may judge of our insignificance, beneath that lofty portico. The light which had been so long excluded, now burst upon the arena in one flood of glory, displaying to our view a lovely waterfall, bisecting if I may so speak the semi-circumference of the amphitheatre, and its vapors formed into a most brilliant rainbow. Advancing towards the centre of this space we stood on the verge of a small lake, about four rods from the foot of the cascade, in whose transparent bosom the blue heavens above and portico and torrent, were reflected in new and glorious splendor. In proceeding towards this natural mirror, you pass on your left a very remarkable conically shaped hill, extremely uniform in its slope from the vertex to the base; and the interest excited by its regular appearance, is by no means diminished by the circumstance, that a small vine enfolds in its spiral embrace the whole cone from its base to its summit, when it is topped by an evergreen shrub. Its height was eighteen feet.

What! thought I; can this be the monument raised over the ashes of some renowned son of the forest? we were sacrilegious enough to pluck twigs from the vine as relics. The walls formed by the graceful sweep of the archways, making also the quadrants of the semi-circle, in consequence of being divided by the waterfall, were as perpendicular and smooth as though hewn by the hand of art, and likewise of nearly equal height with the portico. The summits of these walls were relieved by overhanging trees and shrubs, glancing as it were at their own image in the mirror below. Turning to the right and left, almost beneath the columns, we entered the passages, leading to the grottoes, so enthusiastically described by our guide; they were indeed beautiful, seeming like the apartment of some fairy, so gay was the coloring of the rocky ceiling; being of blue, of red and of pink.—Nature here powerfully impressed us with her ability to rival art; for there were massive pillars, left in the rock, as supporters to the roofs. The temperature of these cells was quite cold, although the day was warm without; and sounds when uttered within them, were echoed in a manner truly surprising. The largest apartment which we explored, we found to measure thirty-five feet by forty. On coming out from these subterranean abodes, we for the first time observed the track of the deer, who must have a just appreciation of the sublime, to have chosen this magnificent spot for their favorite retreat. We had now overstaid the time, we proposed to spend in surveying the Park; the hours had fled rapidly, and passing under the stupendous archway, whose lengthening shadows in the arena below, were also silently admonishing us to depart,—I turned to the water-fall to gaze long and earnestly, for the last time, at its beauty; to listen also to its solemn music, which had so long been lavished in secret, or charmed only in days gone by, the ear of the Indian warrior. All else was silent but this; but there was a voice in the soul, which spoke of the Architect of all this grandeur with an eloquence irresistible.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

The following description of human sacrifices now practised in Goomsoor, is from the pen of Rev. Amos Sutton, and recently communicated to the Hon. Heman Lincoln:

'Meri pooja, or Human Sacrifice, takes place once a year in one or other of the confederate Mootas in succession. The victims are stolen from the low country or are brought from some other distant part and sold to those Mootas where the sacrifices are performed. If children, they are kept until they attain a proper age. This cruel ceremony is thus performed. When the appointed day arrives the Khonds assemble from all parts of the country, dressed in their finery, some with bear skins thrown over their shoulders, others with the tails of peacocks flowing behind them and the long winding feather of the jungle cock waving on their heads. Thus decked out, they dance, leap, and rejoice, beating drums and playing on an instrument not unlike in sound to the highland pipe. Soon after noon the Jani or presiding priest, with the aid of his assistants, fastens the unfortunate victim to a strong post, which has been firmly fixed into the ground, and there standing erect, he suffers the cruel torture (humanity shudders at the recital) of having the flesh cut from his bones in small pieces by the knives of the savage crowd, who rush on him and contend with each other for a portion. Great value is attached to the first morsel cut from the victim's body, for it is supposed to possess greater virtues, and a proportionate eagerness is evinced to acquire it; but considerable danger to the person of the operator attends the feat, for it happens also that equal virtues are attributed to the flesh of the lucky holder of the first slice. To guard against so disagreeable an appropriation, a village will perhaps depute one of its number to endeavor to secure the much-desired object, and they accordingly arm him with a knife and (mereri) tie cloths round him and holding on him by the ends, at the appointed signal, rush with three or four thousand others at the miserable sacrifice; when, if their man should be successful in his aim, they exert their utmost efforts to drag him from the crowd from whence (so few being able to approach the wretched object at once) should he escape unhurt, the whole turn their faces to their homes; for, in order to secure its full efficacy, they must deposit in their field, before the day has passed, the charm they have so cruelly won.

The intent of this inhuman sacrifice is to propitiate Ceres—How devilish!!

In Guddapoor another and equally cruel sacrifice frequently precedes the one already described. A trench seven feet long is dug, along which a human being is suspended alive by the neck and heels fastened with ropes to stakes, firmly fixed at each end of the excavation, so that to prevent strangulation he is compelled to support himself with his hands over each side of *his grave*.

The presiding Priest or *Jani*, after performing some ceremonies in honor of the Goddess Manekisiri, takes an axe and inflicts six cuts at equal distances from the back of the neck to the heels, repeating the numbers one, two, &c. &c. as he proceeds; Rondi, Rendi, Monji, Nalgi, Chinji, Sajgi, and at the 7th Argi, decapitates him—the body falls into the pit and is covered with earth, when the hellish orgies first described are enacted. Women are sacrificed as well as men. Since the arrival of the troops in the Khond country, a female found her way into the collector's camp at Pattingia with fetters on her legs. She had escaped during the confusion of an attack on the wulsa or hiding place of the people who had charge of her by our men, and related that she had been sold by her *brother!!* to a Mootikoo of one of the Pattingia Mootas for the purpose of being sacrificed. I need not say that she was instantly released and that she abjured all further connection with her people.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REPORT,

Read before a circle of Sunday School Teachers at their Annual Meeting, January 1st, 1838, by their Secretary.

We have assembled on this, our new year's eve; and permit me, my dear friends, to offer you the congratulations of the season. We have taken the parting leave, said the parting word, farewell to the year that is gone. But like the spirits of departing friends, we now begin to feel its true worth. All that we have enjoyed or suffered, performed or neglected, comes up before us; and even now its spirit seems hovering over us. We can hardly realize the truth of those words, another year is gone; but so it is; irrecoverably gone. Its doings are recorded on the Lamb's Book of Life, in the consciousness of each individual; what we have written, is written; the blank leaf cannot now be filled up, nor the blotted page made fair. Years, following years may remain for us to improve, but as well might we call upon the wave that has rolled by, to flow back again, as to attempt to recal departed time. The awful Now asks us but once to accept it.

The return of another annual meeting, calls forth many serious and solemn reflections; many too of gratitude and joy. We review with pleasure, the many happy hours we have spent together. The year that is past seems dwindled to a point; and the mind hurries back over the events which have transpired, to the evening, the hour, when we last assembled for a similar purpose. Some who were with us then, have been removed to other spheres of duty; and others have come in to fill the vacancy. The great law of change, is written in indellible characters, on the outward and temporal, as well as the inward and spiritual. To man alone is given the high and solemn privilege, of looking through Nature, up to Nature's God. And now, when all without wears the aspect of gloom and barrenness, may it lead our thoughts inward and upward. Let us enter as with the candle of the Lord, unto the innermost chambers of our souls, and bring forth the good and evil; judge ourselves, as we shall be judged. We have been favored with great and invaluable privileges. We have had the Word of God expounded, to enlighten and instruct us, in all we are to believe and do. We have had the sympathy, counsel and advice, of our spiritual Teacher, and Guide. We have had the Christian Ordinance the *Gospel Feast*, to nourish and refresh our spirits, and animate us in the path of duty. And well may we ask ourselves, 'what more could have been done' for us? To whom much is given, of them much will be required.

Our first duty is, to be innocent, useful, pious ourselves. Our next to make others so. The Bible is to be enjoyed, as well as believed; to be felt, as well as admired; and all outward helps are worse than useless, if they do not lead to piety, and holiness. Success attends constant endeavors. Let nothing cool our ardor, weaken our faith, or diminish our efforts in the great, the noble work in which we are engaged. The cause is of God, and will be acknowledged of Him; and we are applying Heaven's own appointed means. 'Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth,' was the prayer of our great Teacher for his disciples. And if any man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, His sure word of Promise.

May the sun which goeth forth in the Heavens, be to us a true emblem of our duty. Christ, the sun of righteousness has arisen, with healing on his beams. May it shine in upon our spirits, and warm into life those heavenly seeds, which are to grow and flourish in that world, which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

'Another year is gone forever.'
And what is this day's strong suggestion!
'The passing moment's all we rest on.'
Rest on—for what—what do we here,
Or why regard the passing year?
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes, all such reasonings are amiss.
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies.
That on this frail uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night.

D.

EGYPT AND LIBERIA.

Egypt, the kingdom of the Pharaohs, and the Ptolemies, the granary, at one time, of the Roman empire, the prey, afterwards, of Turk and of Mameluke, exhibits from the sources to the mouth of her Nile, a succession of edifices, temples, palaces, pyramids, labyrinths and ob-

elisks, in size, number and magnificence unsurpassed, and for the most part unparalleled by human effort in all subsequent time throughout the whole world. But Egypt has been, ever, the land of gross idolatry and of debasing superstition. Her monuments are evidences of the most cruel tyranny, on the part of her early rulers, and of the most abject slavery on the part of her people, by whose labor, to the sacrifice of their own pursuits and gains, these were erected.

Turn we to another and small part of Africa, not celebrated in history, not sung of in epic; not calling forth the wonderment of the classic traveller, nor puzzling the antiquary by its profusion of ruins and their inscriptions. Discovered only in modern times, our first knowledge of it was as the seat of traffic in human flesh. And yet the present inhabitants of this small and obscure corner on the western coast, Liberia of the present day, have done more to the glory of the true God and to honoring his name, and spreading abroad the evidence of his word, in their lowly churches, than was ever done by the priesthood—teachers though they were to Greece, of the Pharaohs, and by the philosophers of the Ptolemies, and the learning recorded in the far famed Alexandrian library. If the physical sublime be presented in the pyramids of Egypt, the moral sublime, a grandeur of a higher kind, is seen in the peaceful villages and churches and school houses in Liberia. *Colonization Herald.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DEDICATION AT HAVERHILL.

The Church recently built in Haverhill by the Unitarian Society of which Rev. N. Gage is Pastor, was dedicated on Wednesday 6th ult. by appropriate religious ceremonies.

The church is in the Gothic style, 73 feet in length, and 52 in breadth, exclusive of the Porch, and 83 feet in length including it. The number of Pews 78,—8 of which are for general use. The basement is of Granite, containing a vestry large enough to accommodate five or six hundred persons, and two convenient rooms adjacent. The expense of the whole not including the land, was between eleven and twelve thousand dollars; that of the house, exclusive of the basement, between eight and nine thousand. The pews, in the afternoon of the day the church was dedicated, sold for $2,339 above the appraisal, which appraisal covered all expenses.

The order of exercises was as follows; Introductory prayer and Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Mr Loring of Andover; Dedicatory prayer by Rev. Mr Allen of Andover; Sermon by the Pastor, Rev. Mr Gage; Text, Psalms, xc. 17. 'And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.' Address to the Church and Society by Rev. H. Plumer of the Christian Connexion; Concluding prayer by the Rev Mr Fox, of Newburyport; Benediction by the Pastor. Three appropriate original hymns were sung, and an anthem prepared, all composed by persons connected with the Society.

In the evening, the Rev. Mr Fox, delivered a highly spiritual and excellent sermon to a large congregation, from Psalms xi. 7, 'The righteous Lord loveth righteousness.' Mr Gage's sermon was written in a truly catholic spirit, breathing of love and duty to God, of kindness and charity to man. He glanced at the almost unparalleled history of our Pilgrim Fathers, at the exertions to plant and perpetuate the pure faith in this new world,—spoke at considerable length, of the privilege and duty of public worship, as a most important means of grace, of its powerful influence upon individual character, and upon society at large, as affecting man in all his relations, as a social and domestic, as well as religious being. He gave a summary, but clear exposition of the distinguishing features of our faith as Unitarian Christians—and closed by a solemn dedication of the temple to the service of God, and of his dearly beloved Son, who came to earth to die, 'the just for the unjust.'

The building is finished in a style of taste and elegance we have rarely seen surpassed, and great credit is due to the Society for the vigorous effort they have made, at a season too of great pecuniary depression. We trust that the consecrated walls of this temple, may echo to the pure and devout prayer of many a sincere worshipper; that many aspirations may here ascend to the Great Author of all; that He who is a spirit, may here be worshipped in spirit and in truth. We trust that the brotherly love which now unites the people may continue; that they may not only increase in strength, but in all the graces of the Christian character, ever exhibiting to those who differ from them, the spirit of kindness and love—and may their motto be, 'Personal holiness in Charity to all.'

I.

EMILIUS AND CLARA.

OR THE HAPPY PAIR.

Each was to each, a dearer self.—*Thomson.*

Every day after work, Emilius congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin Clara, in whom he found, at every return, new attractions. Seated at her side, over the frugal blaze—under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knee one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been laboring ever since the sun had arisen, even to its going down; or, even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects nothing disturbed the repose:—'All was truly full.' The husband, the wife, and the children were together. Their imagination could picture nothing softer, nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children always augmented their felicity. They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness, and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to Emilius and Clara to interpret their will, to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastime!

Ah! how happy was Emilius, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and embrowned by the wind and weather! The son one day was curious to know the reason of this: 'And why, papa,' said he, 'is not your hand as soft as mine? Why is it so hard papa?' 'In earning bread for you and your mother,' replied Emilius, with paternal and gentle dignity. 'Oh, oh!' cried the child, 'does that make it so? Well then, by and by mine will be strong enough to work too; and then we shall see, papa, whose will be the hardest.' The child copied the virtuous pride of the father; Emilius blushed with joy, and Clara shed a tear.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he was never married. 'That wonder,' said Miss Porter 'was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself in my hearing, and he told a story in answer which I will tell you—and perhaps slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts, as sensitive and delicate as his own Soon after his ordination, he preached, once every Sabbath for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name, but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays—but the weeks slipped on, and tho' he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to seek to speak with her. By these silent steps however love had worked into his heart, and he had made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service and another clergyman officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside and begged his pardon for giving him pain—but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. Since that, said the clergyman in question my heart, has been dead within me, and I look forward only. I shall speak to her in heaven.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

An amiable character.—Among the papers of President Edwards, there was found the following beautiful character; which every young lady—every Christian certainly, ought to read with peculiar appropriate feeling. It is that of her who was afterwards his wife:—

They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great being who made and rules the world; and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way other invisible, comes to her, and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight; and that she hardly cares for any thing, except to meditate on him: that she expects after a while, to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world, and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well, to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore if you present all the world before her with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares nothing for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct, and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong and sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind, especially after this great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly: and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 13, 1838.

MR TODD, *(late of Northampton,)* *vs.* UNITARIANS.

We find the following in the Philadelphia Herald and Sentinel. It was written by one of our Unitarian friends in Philadelphia.

Our readers will find it spirited and well worth reading. It contains an able reply to some of the crudest and falsest charges which have ever been thrown out against our denomination, and which we should hardly have expected to hear from an individual who placed any value upon his reputation for integrity or intelligence.

We do not know how to regard or speak of a professed Teacher of Truth who can enter into the sacred desk, having either the heart to devise, or the effrontery to proclaim, such base and suicidal calumnies.

We read the answer to Mr T. with no little surprise and regret, in view of the esteem in which we have been accustomed hitherto to regard him; but such base and futile allegations against a large and respectable body of the Friends of Christ, deserve to be met with disgust and strong censure.

MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED.

The following remarks occur in a sermon recently delivered at the dedication of a 'Congregational Church' in this city, by the Rev. John Todd. The *immediate* object of the preacher seems to have been to obviate an objection, which, he supposed, might be made against the form of church government—*congregationalism*—adopted by this new society, that it was favorable to the growth of Unitarianism. The following question is put into the mouth of the objector: 'But is it not true that there are one hundred and fifty churches of Unitarians in New England?' He answers 'I reply yes; and I can give you a short, simple, and satisfactory reason for it. When the Constitution of Massachusetts was adopted nearly fifty years ago, they made it a law, that every citizen should pay taxes, and belong to some religious society for the support of religion. He might select his own religion, but he was compelled by law to support religion of some name or other. What was the result? Why, all were tax-paying, church-going people But that part of the community, who, here and elsewhere, spend the Sabbath at home, or in riding out for pleasure, and who have nothing to do with religion, these said, if we must support religion, and have the forms of religion, we will have that religion and those forms, which will not disturb the conscience, or alarm the community. Unitarianism was precisely adapted to do this;'—to *do* what? He has just told us that the religion wanted on this occasion, was one that would *do nothing*; that its eligibility consisted in what it would *not* do. But let this pass. The Reverend gentleman's rhetoric will not bear to be closely scanned; and we have graver matters to discuss. 'And it—Unitarianism—was thus created by human law. The political caucus was its father, and mistaken zeal was its mother.' This last sentence, this precious sample of the Reverend author's *mythology*—I presume was intended for wit. I will only remark, that if it was, it is at least quite on a par with his eloquence. It were hard to say, whether Momus or Mercury could best vindicate a claim to his devotion.

Afterwards he remarks; 'This peculiar law is now abrogated; and its repeal was the death-knell of Unitarianism in the land of the pilgrims' &c. &c.

And this language was actually uttered in a Christian pulpit, by a man who calls himself a minister of Christ, in the midst of this enlightened community and to an audience assembled together to dedicate a new temple to the God of peace; at the very moment too, of invoking the '*Dove*,' emblem of peace and purity to spread over the worshippers the shadow of its wings. Alas for the inconsistency of man.

Did Mr Todd ever read in his bible such an injunction as this—'Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor?' Or does he limit this term neighbor to such only as can adopt the same formulary of faith with himself? Does he regard Unitarians as excluded from the benefits of its provisions?—so that calumny and misrepresentation in regard to them, cease to be violations of religious or social obligations? Or does he, in good faith and verity, believe that the statements I have quoted are true,—That they fairly represent the facts in the case? It is painful to suppose the contrary; and yet it is difficult to conceive, that a man who has, as he informs us, passed ten years of mature life in the heart of Massachusetts, with the means in his hands of ascertaining the truth, both with regard to the present and the past, should have taken up opinions so utterly without foundation—so opposite to the real state of the case. I would ask Mr Todd, could I approach within hearing of his conscience, whether he is willing to state, as *the result of his own observation*, that the Unitarian churches in New England are composed of 'that part of the community, which *here* and *elsewhere*, spend the Sabbath at home, or in seeking amusements abroad?' Would he hazard such an assertion as this in the land of the pilgrims, and in the immediate presence of the men and women whom he thus calumniates? I doubt it. I am but too well aware of the power of religious bigotry to blind the mind, as well as to pervert the heart. Yet I cannot persuade myself but that, in his secret soul, he does more justice to the *many* excellent individuals of this sect, with whom his station in life must have brought him into contact. But however this may be, I know that his statement, in point of fact, whatever it might be in intention, is not true. I know that the Unitarian churches in New England are *not* composed of this class of people. And I am at a loss to decide whether sorrow or indignation be the prevailing sentiment in my mind when I peruse such reckless mistatement—such wholesale slander. Verily the Rev. Gentleman knows not what manner of spirit he is of, when he brings to the altar of God such unhallowed fire as this.

But let us look at Mr Todd's 'simple and satisfactory account' of the origin of Unitarianism, a little in detail. He attributes it primarily to a provision in the constitution of Massachusetts, which was formed about fifty years since. Now, from this statement, who would not infer that the principle of law here mentioned was then introduced into Massachusetts for the first time? Who would not infer that, previously to this time, no citizen was taxed, or liable to be taxed, without his consent, for the maintenance of public worship? But was it so? By no means. Directly the reverse was the fact. There had never been a time, from the first arrival of the pilgrims down to that day, when every citizen was not called upon to contribute in proportion to his means, to this great object. No *new* principle in this regard was then introduced into the policy of the State. The principle, in all its vitality and power, whether for evil or for good, had been in operation from the first. How happened it all at once to become so prolific of heresy just at that particular point of time? How happened it that no Unitarian Societies had been previously formed under its influence? Was it, that heretofore, no materials had existed out of which Unitarian churches could be formed? Was there, in those golden days of orthodoxy, no such class in the community as that designated by Mr Todd, who '*here and elsewhere* spend the Sabbath at home, or in riding out for pleasure, and who have nothing to do with religion.' If there were such—though the proportion may have been less than in modern times—why why should they not have availed themselves of the *soothing* influence of Unitarianism to quiet their troubled consciences, as readily as their descendants? The truth is, that the supposition is wholly gratuitous. It has not the shadow of foundation.

No Unitarian Society was ever formed by the cause here assigned, either in ancient or modern times; and it is impossible to imagine any even plausible reason why there should have been. Let us admit that Unitarianism and Unitarians are altogether such as it pleases Mr Todd to represent them. Let us admit that in New England, they constitute that class of men, that 'here and elsewhere,' treat the institutions of religion with habitual disregard; why, let me ask, should they be so preposterous as to burden themselves with the maintenance of those institutions in any *measure or form*? Their taxes they were obliged to pay, it is true; but having paid them, why did they not pursue the bent of their inclinations and spend the Sabbath then and there, as such men do now 'here and elsewhere!' Or would Mr Todd have his hearers believe, that these unfortunates were compelled, not only to pay their taxes, but also to go to church and listen to sermons which '*disturbed their consciences*;' and that they had no other method of evading this hardship but to establish churches of their own and procure preachers who would 'prophesy unto them smooth things?' It would really seem that such must have been his intended meaning. His argument, such as it is, evidently requires it. It is hardly necessary to add, that the fact was not so. The good people of Massachusetts, under their constitution, were quite at liberty to stay at home, though they were not at liberty to withhold the amount of their assessments to the minister's tax. His salary they must pay—his sermons it was at their option to hear or not.

I have said that no Unitarian church was ever formed by the operation of the cause that Mr Todd assigns as the origin of them all; and I have shown, satisfactorily, as I think, that persons of the character he describes, would not be likely to incur the trouble and expense of forming new societies and building new churches, for the purpose of maintaining observances on which, by his own showing, they set no value.

I *believe* my statement is true *to the letter*. I certainly know of no Unitarian society formed *during this period by secession*, as an offset from an orthodox stock. I do not believe that such an instance can be pointed out. The truth is, that nearly all the churches in Massachusetts out of Boston, and a full moiety of those in Boston, that are now Unitarians, were formerly orthodox. Silently and imperceptibly, in most of these, orthodoxy *died out* under the ministry of orthodox pastors; and as the old incumbents passed away, men of liberal views—Unitarians—were chosen to succeed them.

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tarian *majority* in the town o
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corporate rights, an *orthodox*
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by which Unitarianism has spread in Massachusetts. So true is this, that the statistics of the orthodox party in that state exhibit a list of about *fifty 'feeble churches*,' so termed, that have been formed in this way, and which are too poor to defray, unaided, the expense of maintaining religious institutions. No one knows this better than Mr Todd. He must then maintain that in all these cases, the *majority* had become corrupt—that the *mass* of these communities had sunk down to the level of irreligion, which he described as the native soil of Unitarianism. He may assert this, for we have had evidence enough that he is somewhat hardy in his assertions. I certainly shall not take the trouble to controvert such an allegation. I should regard the trial as only less offensive than the allegation itself.

Boston, as every one knows, is the strong hold of Unitarianism in New England. Here it first sprung up; and here its principles have received their fullest developement. Now it happens, unfortunately for Mr Todd, that what he assigns as the great proximate cause of its prevalence in Massachusetts, was never in operation in Boston—the salaries of the ministers there being paid by assessments on the pews. How will Mr Todd dispose of this fact? What 'simple and satisfactory account' will he give his audience of the rise and progress of Unitarianism here? There is no danger, he assures them, of this heresy where the principle of compulsory provision for the maintenance of the gospel does not prevail. Men, if left to themselves, will never embrace it. Only let them be free to go boating, riding, fishing or shooting, on the Sabbath, and the purity of the church will remain unimpaired—its faith need fear no defection. I hope his hearers were edified and comforted by these representations. The circumstances, he tells them, 'which erected our Unitarian churches can never occur again.'—The danger, therefore, is passed.

'This *peculiar law*,' he proceds, 'is now abrogated, and its repeal was the death-knell of Unitarianism in the land of the pilgrims.' Meaning, I suppose, that those who are now Unitarians, will only be, in future what they were before the strong arm of the law compelled them to be religious; Sabbath-breakers, that is to say, and practical Atheists. 'A consummation devoutly to be wished.

But the gentleman's statement will, I think, be news to the party principally concerned. They, I am sure, are not at all aware of the fact, and even Mr Todd, I think, must admit that Unitarianism dies slowly. It is just seventeen years since this knell was sounded, and yet, so far from withering under its influence, it is still green and vigorous, striking its roots deeper into the soil, and spreading its branches aloft. It will still survive to brave the fury of many a tempest of denunciation, and to form a point of union for those warring sects that can harmonize in nothing else but their common hatred and common dread of this. Mr Todd greatly mistakes the signs of the times, if he flatters himself that Unitarianism is dying out.

In conclusion, I would ask Mr Todd, in all seriousness, whether he is acquainted with the system which he thus self-complacently condemns? If he is, he can probably point out which of its features they are, that should recommend it to irreligious and profligate men. He can tell us what hope it offers to the impenitent, and which of its doctrines teaches the compatibility of unholiness and peace of mind.

A UNITARIAN.

Rev. Samuel Wood of London,—some of whose remarks upon Boston Clergymen, &c., &c., were published in a former number of this paper—has politely forwarded to us several printed sheets, containing '*Letters from Boston U. S., on Harvard University*' &c., written by himself, during his visit to America, to a friend in England.

The selections which we published, as alluded to above, were received with so much approbation by our Readers, that we are induced to lay before them as large extracts from the 'Letters, &c.,' as our limits will allow us to transcribe. They relate generally to subjects of interest to us as New Englanders and Unitarians; are written with much fairness and simplicity, and will, doubtless, be read with pleasure.

BOSTON—TREMONT HOUSE.

Cambridge, Massachusetts Sept. 7, 1836.

DEAR H——,

I left New York in the afternoon of the 29th ult. by the steamboat, and was landed at Providence, Rhode Island, (a distance of 200 miles,) the next morning at 9 o'clock, and came on thence by railroad, 40 miles, to Boston, where I took up my quarters at the Tremont Hotel, the best that I ever was at, though somewhat too large for comfort, as you will judge when I tell you that they make up 200 beds. Yet so great was the influx of company, that, for the first two nights I was there, I could obtain only half a chamber. The general arrangements of the house are good, and the exterior has a very solid and handsome appearance, the material being a fine grey granite, and the portico being supported by four beautiful Doric columns. The building far exceeds in grandeur any of our hotels, and I might almost add any of our noblemen's houses, in London, and when seen from the North, with the King's Chapel and the Tremont Theatre opposite to it, and the Park Street Church and shady trees forming the distant perspective on the right, it presents one of the most perfect town views that I any where recollect to have seen.

Boston is situated on a peninsula, jutting out into a large bay. At the top of a hill, in the centre, stands the State-House, a handsome building, overlooking the park or *common*, as it is called; and the ground has a considerable slope towards the water. So far as externals go, I prefer it to any town that I have yet seen in the United States. It has not the monotonous regularity of Philadelphia, and, at the same time, contains a still greater proportion of houses, which are the residence of wealthy persons. Except in the old and lower parts of the city, the houses are built of beautiful red brick, which contrasts well with the green painted blinds with which every window is fortified, in order to keep out the sun and heat—against which a still further provision is made in the numerous trees which are planted in the streets. It is the cleanest town that I ever was in, in this respect presenting a most grateful contrast to New York. Boston, in short, in external appearance, would well compare with any of our English towns, and, in some respects, is superior to any of them; and as to society, so far as I have yet seen, it has much indeed to recommend it.

COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

I had hastened my Western tour, in order to be present at Commencement, (i. e. the annual conferring of the degrees,) at Harvard College, Cambridge. This always takes place on the last Wednesday in August; this year it fell on the 31st, the day after my arrival. I came out in the omnibus, after breakfast, to the village of Cambridge, which is three miles from Boston, and having found out my friend
Dr Henry Ware, [illegible] ed by him to the Library, where space for the accommodation of a number of people is required. It will seat 1200 persons, and [illegible] l. Dr Ware, on [illegible] ed the business [illegible] prayer, after wh [illegible] legree of Bach [illegible] came forwa [illegible] ivered speeches or orations on various moral and literary subjects. The class which came out this year, is considered to be inferior to the average in point of talent; it would not be fair, therefore, to judge the University by the specimen which I witnessed on this day; but there were not wanting many bright indications of ability and of pure and generous feeling; and one young man at least there was, whose appearance and manner, as well as the style of his discourse, afforded the promise of much future excellence: his name was William Minot, son of a lawyer in Boston. He is of Huguenot extraction, and as I gazed on his classical features, and listened with pleasure to his discourse, I cried shame on that ungenerous land, which had expelled his ancestors from her bosom, and which must now be content to be deprived of the lustre which his talents might shed upon her name. Oh France! France! when wilt thou learn wisdom and aspire to the honors of a free and enlightened nation? Thy time is not even yet fully come, I fear. Two things surprized me not a little in the exhibitions of this day: the first was the *ambitious* style which characterized both the compositions and the action of these young men, for their discourses were delivered without notes, and generally with so much gesticulation, that I could have fancied that I had fallen by mistake among the warm-blooded children of Italy, instead of the sober-suited descendants of the Puritan Fathers;—and secondly, that some of them expressed such aristocratical sentiments, and that these sentiments were so much caught up and applauded by the audience. One young man declared that 'above all things we must contend *usque ad internecionem* against that despotism of the many, which is much more to be dreaded than the despotism of the few.' The delivery of the discourses was relieved by music from the band, which was stationed at the door, and after they were all pronounced, the degrees were presented to the candidates, as well as to a number of young medical students, by the President Dr Quincy, who wore a gown and a square college cap, and performed his part of the duty with suitable grace and dignity. He was supported by a large body of honorable and reverend personages, including the Governor of the State, the Mayor of Boston, and Judges Story and Shaw. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to the University Hall, where dinner was provided for us, after partaking of which, I spent the afternoon with the friend by whom I had been introduced.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

The next day the same church was equally crowded, in order to hear the annual oration and poem, delivered before the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. These letters were long a puzzle to me, as I dare say they will be to you, but I have lately had them explained to mean, *Philosophy the guide of life.* The society comprises the first scholars of those who have been educated at this seat of learning. Dr Wayland, President of Brown College, Rhode Island, delivered the discourse, the subject of which was 'The Practical Uses of the Principle of Faith,' shewing how much the scientific, the moral and the political world would suffer, if we had no confidence in the word of our fellow men, in the stability and universality of the laws of nature, and in the rectitude of the divine government. It was a powerful and brilliant oration, and calculated to do good, though a little too much *ad captandum* in the style and manner. Like some of the young orators of the preceding day, Dr Wayland thought it necessary to put his countrymen on their guard against the despotism of the many, and the sentiment was warmly applauded. Of the poem, which followed, though it occupied an hour and a quarter in the delivery, it is very difficult to give any account; it was a kind of *oglio*, treating of anything and every thing, and apparently incorporating several pieces, which had been previously written on special occasions. It was too various in its character, glancing from the grave to the gay, from the pathetic to the ludicrous, but there were many passages of exquisite beauty, which indicated the possession of high poetical genius; and if some parts were of a lighter cast than might have been desired, it must be recollected that they were the production of a young man, who felt all the inspiration of the muses, and who knew that on such an occasion as this, which is regarded as a kind of literary *Saturnalia*, he would be surrounded by all the beauty and fashion of the town and neighborhood.

BOSTON CHURCHES.—MUSIC.

Sunday the 4th. Boston is, as you are aware, the head-quarters of Unitarianism; out of fifty churches in the town, the professors of these sentiments occupy sixteen; in Cambridge, out of eleven, they have four, including the College Chapel, and they have one in every other principal village or suburb. Their churches are among the finest and the most conspicuous in the town; and it is a singular circumstance, that they have possession of one which was built by the British government, and which is still called the King's Chapel. The service at Hollis Street Church, where I attended on the morning of this day, was a very interesting one, this being the first Sunday after the return of the pastor, the Rev. John Pierpont, from a tour in Europe for the benefit of his health, and all the religious exercises bearing a reference more or less direct to this happy event. The church was filled with a highly respectable assembly, and the massive plate on the communion table clearly evinced the wealth of the flock. On this, as on almost every other occasion when I have attended service in this country, I have regretted that there was so little reading of the Scriptures and so much music. The inutility of the latter is the more conspicuous, as scarcely any of the congregation join in the singing. The tunes are not in general very congregational, and I imagined that this might be the reason why so few sang; but I was told that it is rather the effect than the cause. About thirty years ago an attempt was made to introduce such tunes as all could join in, and to induce all to take part in them; but the experiment failed from the want of musical taste, and the consequence is that the orchestra now figure away *ad libitum* with their fine airs, many of which are too difficult for ordinary people to sing. That the explanation which I had received was the true one, I could believe, when I observed that no one joined, even when the tune was of a plainer character. How people can frequent church, and allow one third of the service to be occupied with an exercise which is adapted above all others to bring forth their devotional feelings, and yet never feel themselves prompted to take part in it, is a fact for which I must confess that I can find no satisfactory solution.

WASHINGTON'S MSS. &c.

On Monday, by the kindness of Mr Jared Sparks I had a high treat in the inspection of Washington's manuscripts By permission of the family, they have been placed in the hands of Mr Sparks, to enable him to accomplish the composition of his great work, the Life and Correspondence of the First President. It extends to eleven large octavo volumes, which are now all printed except the first, which will contain the Life, and will appear in *about six months.* The papers, which are very voluminous, shew how industrious and how methodical a man the great Washington was. During the later part of his life, he employed several clerks for some years in copying out all his letters and other public documents; and the way in which this is done, indicates very clearly that, along with those commanding talents which placed him at the head of armies and made him the father of his country, he had *the organ of order* in great perfection, and did not think little things beneath his notice. One long shelf of folio volumes contains every thing relating to the Revolutionary War, comprising his correspondence, first, with officers of the general government; secondly, with those of the army; thirdly, with individual states; fourthly, with the enemy, &c. On another shelf are his letters, written during his presidency, those written in his later years, and his private correspondence, for he appears to have kept a rough copy of all letters of any consequence, which he wrote to individuals on ordinary matters. I was also shewn his interleaved almanac, and the accounts of his own pecuniary transactions in early life, when he exported the produce of his estate and received back goods from London in return. There are the very marks of the bales of tobacco in his own hand writing, and a list of the articles of clothing and other goods, which he ordered from England for himself and family, with the prices in many instances affixed; among these I was [illegible] ot a little amused to observe an [illegible] y huing for coat, waistcoat and [illegible] e. for his stepson. Master [illegible] s addressed to him among [illegible] arks has been at the pains to have [illegible] bound in folio, and to [illegible] complete index [illegible] wishes to refer t [illegible] knows the na [illegible] find it in a mom [illegible] are now the pr [illegible] time be remove [illegible] ington; but it is satisfactory to know that they have for some years been in the hands of one, who has diligently perused their contents and extracted their sweets for the benefit of the world.

DEDICATION AT WATERTOWN.

Wednesday, I attended the Dedication of a new church erected by the Congregational Society in Watertown, a village two or three miles farther in the country than the house at which I am staying. The building which has been erected is a handsome stone structure in the Gothic style, and the service was interesting and appropriate. The sermon, by the Rev. Convers Francis, the Pastor, was one of the most masterly productions that I ever listened to, full of just thoughts and noble sentiments, clothed in the most felicitous language. That country has a high claim to our admiration which can produce and foster such writers as this.

MOUNT AUBURN.

On my way back from Watertown I took a walk through the new Cemetery of Auburn. It is the *Pere la Chaise* of Boston, and though it cannot boast all the sculptured honors of that celebrated burying-ground, it has natural beauties and advantages of situation which are all its own. The ground is delightfully varied, and the walks wind about in graceful curves, now crowning the top of an elevated ridge, then descending into the seclusion of a peaceful valley, then wandering off into the cool shade of a leafy grove, or climbing the summit of an abrupt and commanding cliff. If it could make any difference to me, when I am gone, in what place my cold remains are laid, this would be the spot of all others that I would choose—so fresh, so green, and so retired, that nothing could be in more perfect keeping with the idea of *repose*, which we should wish to associate with the last home of man. From Mount Auburn, which is the highest point, charming views are enjoyed of the surrounding country: the peep, which is obtained through the trees, of Cambridge, with its lofty spire, its clean white houses, and the University buildings beyond, is one of the most lovely that can be conceived; I would give something to be able to sketch it, but I am no limner, and I have not yet had resolution to make trial of the *camera lucida*, which I brought with me from England. I will seek for graphic talent among my friends, and will see if I cannot bribe the possessor of it to make me a drawing, which will give you some idea of what I so much admire. As for the rest, the Cemetery is new, and the sculptors of this neighborhood have not yet had much opportunity of shewing us what their art can produce. The cenotaph erected by Mr Appleton, on a small mount in the further part of the grounds, is in chaste and classical style, and may well serve as a model for future tombs. But the most interesting by far is the tomb of the great Phrenologist, who died at Boston, and whose body is here deposited; it is of white marble, the design taken from that of Scipio Africanus at Rome, and with the simple inscription,

SPURZEIM.
1832.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT CAMBRIDGE.

9th. Yesterday was a day, as my old friend Horace would express it, *carbone albo notandus.* If the Falls of Niagara eclipsed all that I had before seen of the natural world in America, so did this day far surpass any thing that I had yet seen of the intellectual. It was the second centennial anniversary of the foundation of Harvard University. As early as 9 o'clock in the morning, the doors of the great church were opened, and the galleries completely filled with ladies. Before 10 a vast number of gentlemen were collected in the University Chapel, and, as an invited stranger, I fell into the procession, which slowly moved forward, with music playing, to the church. I know not how many persons were present, but they must have exceeded two thousand, for every pew and every aisle was full. After a prayer by Dr Ripley came the Ode, which had been written for the occasion by the Rev. Samuel Gilman of Charleston: and I can truly say that it was worthy of the occasion, and that, sung as it was by a full choir, and with most appropriate music, it did more than any thing else in the course of the day, to make me chime in with the feelings which naturally arose in the breasts of those more immediately interested. It began, 'Fair Harvard! [illegible] sons to thy jubilee throng:' I cannot send you the whole of it in a letter, but I shall preserve the printed copy which I have, and will let you see it on my return to England.

Here is inserted in the Original the C[illegible] alluded to.

We had then the discourse by Dr Quincy, president: it was too long, but, with this exception was well suited to the occasion; it traced the early history of the institution, showing what difficulties its first supporters experienced, and what sacrifices they made for the sake of learning and religion; it set forth the liberal principles by which the college has always been characterized, and expressed the satisfaction which its sons must feel in the effects which it has produced. As this discourse will, I take it for granted, be printed, I shall not attempt to give you any further account of it, except to mention, that it speaks highly for the devotion of the Pilgrim Fathers to the cause of letters, that they formed this institution when they had been in the country only six years; they founded Boston in 1630, and on the 8th of September, 1636, a resolution was passed in the general court of the colony, appropriating £400 for the establishment of this College. It is also recorded to the honor of these worthies, that they who had no gold and silver to bestow, made donations of grain and wool for the use of the students After the discourse followed a prayer, a doxology and a benediction; and, after a short interval, we walked back in procession to the University, where a tent had been erected, 150 feet long by 120 broad, for the company to dine in. How many sat down to dinner I have not yet learnt, but I am informed that those who walked in the procession were 1030. The tent was placed on a sloping piece of ground, admirably adapted to the purpose. The table and the seats were arranged in a fan-like form all facing the chairman, who sat on a platform erected on the lower side, but so much elevated, that he and the distinguished guests, who were his assessors, were in full view of the whole company. The chair was occupied by the Honorable Edward Everett, Governor of the State of Massachusetts. On his right hand sat Mr President Quincy, and on his left Dr Ripley, the Chaplain of the day; and at the table immediately

below were Mr Sullivan, the first Vice-President of the day, Judges Story and Shaw, Messrs. Webster and Davis, Representatives of the State in the Senate, and Dr Kirkland, Ex-President of the College. The arrangements were upon the whole excellent; some of the songs were, perhaps, a little *infra dignitatem*; but I never remember attending a public dinner where there was more to gratify the eye and the ear, and to call forth the best emotions of the heart. It was a noble and a spirit-stirring sight to behold 1200 men all met together to celebrate the anniversary of a literary institution, and among these to see some whose names are already inscribed in the temple of fame, and of whom their country has good reason to be proud. There will, of course, be an account of the dinner in print, and I will take care to procure a copy for you. The finest speeches were those of Everett and of Webster—the former the production of a mind deeply versed in classical lore and well skilled in touching the finest chords of human feeling; the latter clear, vigorous and commanding, developing the mature views of the philosopher and the statesman. Webster's person and phisiognomy are altogether remarkable: he is a broad-set and strongly built man, with dark hair and an expression of face which might well awe the proudest minion of tyranny and corruption into absolute submission. During the time when he was speaking you might have heard a pin drop in that immense assembly, and the applause which followed the conclusion, was as loud, I presume, as this *unrapturous* people are in the habit of expressing. Near him sat his fellow-senator Davis, with his marked and manly features, and a warm and kindling eye, which well accords with the lofty and uncompromising independence by which his public conduct has ever been distinguished. Well may Massachusetts be proud of two such senators as these; in mind, in spirit, and in person, they are the very *beau ideal* of what the representatives of a great and a free nation ought to be. We sat down to dinner before 3 o'clock; at 7 in the evening the chairman retired, and as several speakers were called and did not respond to their names, and the business appeared to be pretty well over, I [illegible] to pay my respects to Mrs President Quincy, who kept open house on the occasion.

And now, my dear friend, I think I have given you enough for once about Boston and her learned sister Cambridge. I am going off tomorrow morning to see the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and shall afterwards visit Albany and several towns in New England; but I mean to return to this charming neighborhood, with which I am more in love than any other that I have yet seen on this side of the Atlantic. I will write again very soon. For the present and ever, believe me to be yours, most sincerely, S. W.

The sheets conclude with another letter upon the history, constitution, and present state of Harvard University.

INSTALLATION AT PLYMOUTH.

We copy from the Old Colony Memorial, an account of the Installation of Rev. G. W. Briggs as colleague Pastor of the First Church and Society ie Plymouth.

It was our happiness to be present on the occasion, which was one of the most interesting of the kind that we have ever attended. Dr Kendall, although he has been settled thirty-nine years, appeared to have lost nothing of his vigor: and it is highly gratifying to find that he enters with so much interest and zeal into the arrangement which has been made to lighten his arduous labors and increase the prosperity of his ancient Church.

Much praise is due to the Society for the repeated and various efforts they have made to promote the cause of religion at home and abroad.

We cannot forbear to allude to the propriety, liberality and excellent taste which characterized all the public and private arrangements for the occasion.

Installation.—On Wednesday last, the Rev. Geo. W. Briggs, late of Fall River, was installed as associate minister of the First Church and Society in this place.—The weather was delightful, recalling to the elders of the society the mild temperature of the day thirty-eight years ago, when the senior pastor, the Rev. Dr Kendall, laid his hand on the ark, which he has borne up so long and so well. This Church, it is familiar to all, was originally a part of Mr Robinson's which left Leyden in Holland in 1620, under the teaching, as it was technically called, of their second officer, Elder Brewster. Tradition has handed down even to our day the reverential love for the Elder, felt by those whose perils and toils he shared. He died April 16, 1644, aged about 80 years. There was a Mr Lyford, who preached for a time, whose fame is not savory. He was rejected in March 1624.—Then succeeded Mr Rogers in 1628, but he soon became disordered in mind, and was sent back to England. After Mr Ralph Smith, who was settled as Pastor five or six years, and resigned in 1635, Mr John Rayner was chosen, and continued eighteen years. Mr Charles Chauncey, afterwards President of Harvard College, was chosen colleague with Mr Rayner. He officiated three years, but was not settled. The next in succession were James Williams and after him William Brimstead—each for a short time. In June 1669, Mr John Cotton was ordained. He was the son of the famous Mr Cotton of Boston, and was very much beloved, until 1697, when troubles sprung up on account of some alledged imprudencies, and he resigned, and went to Charleston, S. C. where he died the next year. On October 4th, 1699, Mr Ephraim Little was ordained, and died in November 1723, in the 24th year of his ministry, and 48th of his age, and was the first minister buried in Plymouth. If these frequent shiftings took place in the steady times of the first 103 years, what might be expected in the changeful times of the past hundred and fifteen? But it so turns out, by the blessing of God, that the last named period has been remarkable for the long continued service of the Pastors, and the faithful attachment of the people. Perhaps New England can hardly furnish another such instance. Mr Nathaniel Leonard was ordained in July 1724, and received his dismission on the 30th January 1760—the day of Mr Robbins ordination. Mr Robbins died June 1799, and Mr Kendall was ordained on the 1st of January 1800.—So that but three ministers have filled the space of a hundred and fourteen years, with the interval of only about seven months, and the last still remains in active life and usefulness. The population on the territory, that constituted the 1st parish at the time of Mr Kendall's settlement, now make seven societies. In the fermentation of religious opinions in the last quarter of a century, there has been a peaceful working out of such as we consider sound doctrine, by always keeping open a free vent—a willingness to let any escape and go in peace, who entertain other preferences—following out the patriarchal example of Abraham and Lot and the apostolic policy of Paul and Barnabas.

The services of the Church, before a full and profoundly attentive audience, were in a very remarkable degree interesting and impressive. The Sermon by the Rev. Mr Stetson of Medford, pointing out the different relation that Christian ministers bear to the people, from that which the ancient priesthood sustained, was full of excellent sense and good instruction. The delineation of a good minister, gathering knowledge from all sources for the edifying of his people, from the stores of nature, the business, the pleasures, passions and hot rivalries of men, as well as from the Bible and the deep recesses of his own mind, adapting his instructions to the need of the present day, was richly eloquent. The text was from 1 Peter, 2. chap. v. verse.

The Introductory prayer, by Mr Lunt of Quincy, the prayer of Installation, by Dr Kendall, and concluding prayer by Rev. Mr Robbins of Boston, were devout and impressive. Of the Charge it is enough to say, that it was by Dr Ware, Jun. of Harvard University—whose name is in all the churches. The Right Hand of Fellowship by Mr Farley of Providence, from his past intimate relations with the minister elect, was the right hand of true brotherly love, of cordial sympathy, of joy, of confidence. The melody of the heart had its accompaniment in the excellent music of the choir. Mr May of Scituate, made the customary address to the people, urging on minister and people a full and fearless practical application of free principles at all times and to all things, yet meekly bearing and forbearing each other. The call of [illegible] entire unanimity. [illegible] one of sober and [illegible]e. May it be followed [illegible]gs of heaven.

INQUIRY OF AN ORPHAN FOR HER LOST FATHER.

The following letter written by a little orphan girl, speaks for itself. It appeared in the *Southern Religious Telegraph.*

Ware Village, Oct. 13th, 1837.

From H. F. Billings.

I have learned by my geography that the Southern people are very hospitable to travellers. I often express a wish to my teacher that I could go to Virginia, and invite some of those kind people to help me find my *dear, dear* father. Since it is not now proper that I should go, she says that I may write a letter and send to the kind people in Virginia, and ask them to make such inquiries, or use such means for me, as their little girls would like to have used if they had a loved father lost.

My father's name is Daniel Billings. Four years ago, when I was not quite half as old as I now am, he told me he was going to Virginia. I cried very much, and said, 'don't go off, father, I do love you better than any body else since my dear mother is dead and put in the cold grave.' I remember how he wept when he prayed by my side the last time—he said, 'O God, bless my little daughter, and spare our lives to see each other again.' When he kissed me the last time his tears fell on my cheeks, and he could hardly say, 'it is best for me to go now, but I will come back again,'—O, my dear father, why don't he come? Grandmother says, perhaps he is sick or deranged so he has not wrote to us for more than two years. O, will not somebody tell me if he is sick? or, if he is dead, where is his grave?—He told me when I went to my mother's grave, that I must think her spirit now in heaven with God and the Lamb. I do want to know if my father is there too.

Will not some good people in Virginia write to me something about my father—and I will daily pray to my heavenly father to bless all those who pity and befriend me a lonely orphan. Harriet F. Billings.

The friends of Humanity at the South will please notice the above, penned by the 'lonely orphan,' only child of Daniel Billings, who left Barre, Mass., about 4 years since, as an agent for selling Patent Sarsaparilla Mead, at Richmond City, Va. Being unsuccessful in that enterprize, he undertook to build a machine for shoeing rails upon the rail-road; and about two years since, he was engaged as engineer on the Richmond and Fredericksburg rail-road, since which time he has not been heard of by his friends at the north.—They fear all is not well with him, and are waiting with anxious solicitude to learn the result.—Any communications concerning him left with the Editor, addressed to Isaac T, Babbit, Barre, Mass., will be very gratefully received. Isaac T. Babbit.

The exquisite pathos and simplicity of the Orphan's cry, cannot fail to stir the deepest sympathies of every feeling and unsophisticated heart.

If the world contains the lost parent, or the earth covers his remains, she will surely find him out, or learn where is his grave.

The winds of Heaven shall waft her tender appeal, and the kindly angels of the press spread the language of her earnest prayer to the remotest corners of our land. And may He who heareth the '*Young Ravens when they cry*,' soon send glad tidings to lighten her solitary heart.

The circumstance would afford an admirable theme for Mrs Sigourney's sweet muse.

A young gentleman, who has lately returned from a visit to the West, has done us the favor to furnish for the Register a description of one of the most magnificent natural curiosities that have been discovered in the United States. It may be found on our first page.

The place is as yet but little known, and has been visited by very few except Indians and Hunters. He informs us, verbally, that his description is exceedingly meagre, and conveys no adequate idea of the unrivalled grandeur and beauty of this wonderful and mighty work of the sublime Architect of the universe. We are not informed that any particular description of the spot has yet been published.

We have received a Sermon preached by Dr Brazer of Salem on the 17th anniversary of his settlement. Also a Sermon by Rev. Abiel A. Livermore, on Sunday Schools, &c. &c. our notices of which, we regret to be compelled to defer.

We learn that the Rev. H. Colman, has assumed, in part, the Editorial care of the N. E. Farmer.

We are happy to learn that Mr Samuel Osgood has received and accepted a unanimous call from the Unitarian Church and Society in Nashua to settle as their minister.

We perceive that Dr Channing on Texas, and Miss Sedgwick's Live & Let Live, are announced as having been republished in England.

It will be perceived by an advertisement in this paper, that Mr Russell's next Lecture, in his present course on English Literature, at Chauncey Hall, is this evening, (13th) at 7 o'clock.—Subject, the poetry of Milman.

It is almost superfluous for us to add our feeble testimony to the great merits of Mr R. as a Critic, Scholar, and interesting Lecturer. We earnestly wish him the patronage which he richly deserves from the lovers of English literature.

The Knickerbocker for January has been received by Otis, Broaders & Co.

The Baltimore Book,—a splendidly bound volume,—bound as we understand by Boston workmen—containing original articles from the pens of several of the literati of Baltimore, some of which possess considerable literary merit, is for sale by James Munroe & Co.

Sketches of a New England Village,—an interesting and well written book, inculcating very timely and wholesome morals, is published and for sale by James Munroe & Co.

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The first number of this new Periodical reflects great credit upon its Editor and Publisher, both by its literary and its mechanical execution. In neatness and beauty of form and general appearance it is not surpassed, if it be equalled by any of our Periodicals.

The editor has furnished the greater part of the matter from his own prolific mind. We believe it is generally known that the Review of R. W. Emerson's Phi Beta Oration was written by Wm. H. Channing, and the Critique upon Bacon's Poems, by J. S. Dwight.

The list of subscribers is increasing without effort, and already includes the names of several distinguished literary men.

We proposed giving to our readers a brief extract from one of the articles, but want room.

An account of a meeting for the promotion of Education, at Lexington—came to hand too late for insertion this week.

The Poetry on the New Year, in our last, should have been signed J. S. W.

Two Obituary Notices shall have place in our next.

We cordially thank '*A subscriber from the beginning*' for his flattering and warm response to our New Year's wish to our Readers and Patrons. One such expression more than compensates us for a year's toil.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Episcopal Churches.—In the Midland District, U. Canada, Fourteen Clergymen of the Church of England are immediately required, in addition to six already employed; so that in fact, the supply of clergymen in that large and populous district, amounts only to one fourth of the actual demand.—*Chr. Witness.*

Theological Education.—From the Second Annual Report of the Missionary and Education Committee of Ohio, we learn the following facts respecting the state and progress of Ecclesiastical affairs in the Episcopal church of Ohio.

At Gambier there is a 'Diocesan Institution for the Education of Young men for the ministry. During the past year, appropriations have been made to 16 Beneficiaries, amounting to $860.

The appropriations to beneficiaries have heretofore been regarded by the Board in the light of a temporary loan, to be returned without interest whenever the borrower shall be in circumstances to refund it. The tendency of this regulation has been to lead the young men to hasten to the practice of their profession without suitable preparation. The Committee to remedy this evil have adopted the following resolution, viz: 'That those beneficiaries who pursue a full (i. e. three years) course of study in the Theological Seminary of the Diocese and enter into Holy Orders shall be discharged from all obligation to repay the Board any portion of the money they may have received from it.'

Missionaries.—The number of Missionaries who have received aid from the funds of the Board during the past Conventional year is 12; and the amount appropriated to their support has been $1362 50.

The number of parishes which have been assisted in this way sustaining the regular ministration of Christian ordinances, is fifteen.

The receipts of the Treasury of the Committee during the past year, as will appear from the Treasurer's report have been, for Missionary purposes $1045 52—and for Educational purposes $782 78; A travelling agent has been supported during the past year for the purpose of collecting a Episcopate fund.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MRS. ACHSAH GARDNER.

Died, in Bolton, on the 30th ult., Mrs Achsah, wife of the Hon. Stephen P. Gardner,, aged 63.

Seldom, we believe, has one been called away whose influence, while living, was more salutary; whose loss, when gone, was more deeply felt; or who was better fitted for the last great change, than the lamented subject of this notice. Mrs Gardner possessed a singularly pure and strong character. In the different relations sustained by her, she discharged her duties with a scrupulous exactness. Fidelity to the dictates of conscience was her guiding principle of action. Her disinterestedness was a prominent feature in her character. To benefit others was ever her study, and among the sources of her purest pleasures. Her heart was the seat of pure and warm affections. Her friends and acquaintances were ever met by her, with a warmth, and cordiality, which gave them complete confidence in the genuineness of her regard. She held the rites of a generous hospitality, in high estimation. Placed in circumstances to warrant their liberal indulgence, she always delighted in the exercise of her benevolent sympathies for the needy and unfortunate; and in her deeds of charity, the Savior's direction was not forgotten,—'let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.' In her words and actions, her true spirit and character were manifest. Sincerity she classed among the noblest virtues. Her devotedness to her family, was that of the enlightened, judicious and most affectionate friend; and her memory is justly embalmed in their hearts. A conscientious disciple of Christ; she walked worthy of her holy vocation. Unitarian in her views of religion, she had not a particle of sectarian bitterness, but rejoiced, through life, and on her dying bed, to greet with the warmth of christian love, all of whatever name, who manifested the spirit of Christ. She studied to make Christ her pattern; and rarely, we believe, has it been the lot of humanity to furnish a nearer resemblance than her character presented. Her faith in religion, attended her through life: sustained her in her last illness, and shone forth in the perfect resignation and trust, with which she bowed to the appointments of Heaven. She died strong in the hope of a happy immortality.

This imperfect sketch has not been drawn by a stranger to her. The writer has long known, venerated and loved her; and is convinced that all who enjoyed her acquaintance, will acquit him of using the language of exaggeration.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, Dec. 21, the day was spent in discussing the subject of the currency in the District of Columbia.

In the House, Dec. 21, after the reading of the journal, Mr Patton, of Va. rose, and asked leave to offer a resolution to the effect that all petitions, memorials, and other papers referring to the abolition of slavery and the slave trade—or the purchasing, selling, and transferring of slaves in the states and territories of the United States, be laid on the table without being read, printed, debated, or referred, and that no farther action whatever shall be had thereon.

Mr Adams objected.

The resolution was finally submitted, and the previous question moved. After a warm contest, on the part of Mr Adams to obtain a hearing, the resolution was adopted, by a vote of 129 yeas to 62 nays. In ordering the yeas and nays, when the name of Mr Adams was called, he rose and with great emphasis said, 'I hold the resolution to be a violation of the constitution of the United States—of the right of my constituents, and of the people of the United States to petition—and of my right to freedom of speech as a member of the House.'

While the ex-president was pronouncing these words, the cries to order from the chair, and all parts of the House, were absolutely deafening; but he persisted until he finished his declaration.

The Speaker then said the member from Massachusetts had violated the rules, and must take his seat.

Mr Adams, having finished what he had to say, took his seat.

The roll having been called, Mr Adams asked that his answer might be inserted on the journal.

The chair said this was out of order.

Mr Adams then asked that the journal might show he had made the request; and also show what reply was made by the chair. This was ordered.

In the Senate, on Friday the day was taken up in discussing the bill to restrain the circulation of small notes in the district of Columbia.

The Senate adjourned to Tuesday, Dec. 26th.

In the House, on Friday reports were received from committees. The following bills were also reported.

A bill making appropriations for fortifications for the year 1838. A bill for the support of the army.

A bill from the Senate for the remission of duties on goods destroyed by fire in the city of New York, without amendment.

These bills were referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

Bills were also reported for the reorganization of the Treasury department;—allowing a drawback on imported hemp;—and making appropriation for the erection of a marine hospital at Portland harbor, Maine.

The remainder of the day was spent in private business.

The House then adjourned over to Tuesday next.

In the Senate, Tuesday, Dec. 26, this being the day made the special order for the renewal of the abolition contest,—otherwise for the re-presentation of the Vermont Resolutions;—but immediately after reading the journal, Mr Swift rose and said, in compliance with the wish of many Senators now absent, he should postpone the presentation of the resolutions till some early day, when the Senate should be full.

The subject of the currency in the District occupied the Senate to-day.

In the House, Tuesday, Dec. 26, after the reading of the journal, Mr Campbell of S. C. called the attention of the House to the statements of a writer in some of the newspapers, of the agency which he had in calling the meeting of the Southern members, during the last week. The article stated that he, Mr Campbell, called upon the Southern members to assemble in the Committee Room of the Committee of Claims, for the purpose of 'devising measures for the dissolution of the Union.' The House well recollected, no doubt, that in giving notice of the meeting, he made no allusion to a dissolution of the Union. The results of the meeting were known, and could not be regarded as tending, in any degree, to distract the harmony of the Union, but rather to preserve it. He had made this statement at the request of several members who felt themselves aggrieved by the publication.

The day was principally occupied in discussions on the reference of a memorial of the New York Peace Society.

Mr Glascock, of Geo. in the course of some remarks, spoke in strong language of the manner of doing business in the House.—Members were here engaged in carrying on a warfare more suited to personal combatants, than to a public assembly.—Committees were bandying epithets between each other, and engaged in personal contests, instead of discussing matters of a public nature.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

The different branches of the General Court met at the State House in this city on Wednesday, the 3d inst.

In the Senate, Myron Lawrence Esq. was chosen President, by a vote of 34, in 39. Charles C. Calhoun was unanimously chosen clerk.

In the House of Representatives, Robert C. Winthrop was chosen Speaker, and L. S. Cushing Clerk.

After the two Houses were organized, and had passed orders in regard to the hour of assembling, and some other minor subjects, they adjourned to attend public worship.

The annual Election sermon was preached by Rev. Mr Storrs.

In the Senate, on Thursday, Jan. 4th, the President presented the Attorney General's Report, which was read, laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

The Senate proceeded to the choice of Chaplain, and on the votes being taken, it appeared that the Rev. Ralph Sanger, of Dover, was chosen.

Adjourned to tomorrow morning, 11 o'clock

In the House, on Thursday, the Monitors were appointed.

A communication was received from the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, through the Senate, transmitting a statement of the expenses attaching to his office for the year 1837, with an account of the state of the Treasury, on the 1st instant, and a statement of the receipts and expenditures for the year 1837,—which was laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

Adjourned to 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

In the Senate, on Friday, Jan. 5th, the committee on the election returns reported that the whole number of votes for Governor was 83,838, of which 50,565 were for Edward Everett, 32,987 for Marcus Marton, and 286 scattering; majority for Governor Everett, 17,292.

The whole number for Lieut. Governor is 83,802, of which 50,677 are for George Hull, 32,736 for William Foster, and 389 scattering; majority for Lieut. Gov. Hull, 17,552.

In the House, on Friday, Jan. 6th, Rev. Ephraim Peabody and Rev. E. T. Taylor were appointed Chaplains, and Benjamin Stevens was re-elected Sergeant-at-Arms, on the part of the House.

No business of much importance was transacted in either House on Saturday.

On Monday 8th. inst. In the Senate this morning nothing was done. In the House a letter was read from the Rev. E. T. Taylor, declining the office of Chaplain.

The two branches met in convention at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of qualifying the Governor and Lieut. Governor elect, and to make choice of a Treasurer, a Secretary of State, and nine members of the Executive Council.

The oaths of office were administered to His Excellency Edward Everett, and His Honor George Hull, by the President of the Senate.

Hon John P. Bigelow was re-elected Secretary of State, receiving 402 out of 403 votes.

Hon. David Wilder was re-elected, Treasurer, receiving 392 out of 395 votes.

The following gentlemen were chosen Councillors, receiving each 330 out of 337 votes: William Minot of Boston, Caleb Foote of Salem, Sidney Willard of Cambridge, Samuel Mixter of New Braintree, John Howard of Springfield, Henry Shaw of Lanesborough, Warren Lovering of Medway, Edward Walcutt of Hopkinton, and David Joy of Nantucket.

On Tuesday the two Houses met in convention to receive a communication from the Governor.

In the Senate instructions were given to several committees.

In the House the standing committee of the House were appointed.

INTELLIGENCE.

Exploring Expedition.—We learn that the Board of Investigation at Washington, have decided that the Frigate Macedonian shall not form a part of the exploring squadron.—*Baltimore Pat.*

The New York Legislature assembled at Albany on Tuesday last. Gov. Marcy's Message occupies over seven columns of the Argus. John Tracy, Lieut. Governor, took the chair of the Senate at noon, and that body proceeded to pusiness. Luther Bradish of Franklin county was elected Speaker of the House on the first ballotr

Texas.—The Congress of Texas has adjourned, and all was quiet on the 19th ult. Provisions continued scarce.

Mexico.—The New-Orleans Courier of the 26th states that a large body of Indians, having been recently seen to the south of Tampico, had occasioned the assembling of several bodies of troops, which were despatched in pursuit. These are, probably, the same forces mentioned by Capt. Mervine, as having crossed the Rio Grande.

It is probably these troops that are referred to in the following paragraph, which is founded on accounts to the 16th received from Texas.

A battle had been fought near the head waters of the Trinity, between a party of rangers and the Indians, which terminated unfavorably to the Texans, who, after a desperate resistance, were compelled to retreat. The actual captor of Santa Anna, Lieut. A. H. Miles, formerly of Richmond, Va., was killed in this engagement. A treaty of peace with the Texan Government. The condition of the country is described to be prosperous and flourishing.

Perils of the Sea.—Mr Greenleaf, editor of the Sailor's Magazine, has kept a register of marine disasters which have come to his knowledge within the year, and the result is appaling. The whole number counting only those which resulted in a total loss of the vessel, was no less than *four hundred and ninety*, viz:

Ships and barks,	94
Brigs,	135
Schooners,	234
Sloops,	12
Steamboats,	15
Total,	490

Most of the vessels included in this melancholy list, were American. Forty three of them were lost towards the close of 1836; but the intelligence of their fate was not received here until 1837. Thirty-eight were lost in the month of January, fifty-four in February, twenty-four in March, thirty in April, nineteen in May, fifteen in June, forty-two in July, fifty in August, thirty-two in September, forty-three in October, forty-three in November, and six in December. The precise time when the remaining vessels were lost could not be satisfactorily ascertained

In the above named vessels, (says the Sailor's Magazine,) one thousand two hundred and ninety five lives are reported to be lost. This probably is but a part of the whole, for in many instances the crew are spoken of as missing, and in other cases nothing is said, where, perhaps, there was a total loss. Surely what is done for sailors should be done quickly.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr Parkman, Mr William Loud to Miss Sarah Tenney.

In Grafton on the first inst, by Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, Mr John Whitney to Miss Harriet Bruce, daughter of Joseph Bruce, of G.

In Hubbardston by Rev. Wm H. Kinsley, Mr Joseph C. Murdoc to Miss Julia Greenwood.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, Mrs Phebe, relict of the late Mr John Gibson, 62.

In Quincy, Gen. Thomas Taylor, 48.

In Cummington, Ms. suddenly, of apoplexy, on Friday Dec. 22d Mrs Anna Whitmarsh, aged 76, widow of the late Dea. J. W. of that town.

In Washington, suddenly, Mr William Elliot, Surveyor of that city. 64; he was the founder of the Washington City Gazette, in 1813.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The tenth Lecture will be delivered on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock by Rev. John S. Dwight.

Subject—Music a Branch of Popular Education.

Tickets may be had at the door.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

An Anniversary Celebration of the Sunday School connected with the South Congregational Society (The Rev. Mr Motte's) will take place at the Church on Sunday Evening, January 14th at 7 o'clock. Addresses are to be given by William P. Jarvis and Rev. J. T. Sargent, and several appropriate hymns to be sung.

All who feel interested are invited to attend.

MR RUSSELL'S next Lecture, in his present course on English Literature at Chauncy Hall, is on Saturday evening, (13th) at 7 o'clock. Subject, the Poetry of Milman.

Tickets for the course, or for single evenings, may by obtained at the bookstore of Mr Ticknor, or at the door of the Hall j 13

1838—*PERIODICALS, REVIEWS, &C.*

THE subscribers are Publishers or Agents for nearly all the popular Periodicals published in in the United States—numbers of most of which may be seen at their rooms. Among them are the following, nearly all of which commence new volumes with the present number;—

Religious Magazine and Family Miscellany, edited by Prof. Andrews, Rev. J. Abbott, Rev. N. Adams, Rev. H. Winslow, Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, and other gentlemen—48 pages 8vo. monthly,	$2 00
Knickerbocker,	5 00
American Monthly Magazine,	5 00
North American Review	5 00
New York Review and Quarterly Church Journal—edited by Prof. Henry	5 00
American Jurist and Law Magazine	5 00
American Medical Library and Intelligencer, 3328 pages per annum	10 00
Waldie's Select Circulating Library, of the best new and entertaining books, weekly, containing 840 pages per annum, for	5 00
Gentleman's Magazine, edited by H.E. Burton	
Femily Magazine, 40 pages monthly	1 50
Reprints—Edinburg, London Quarterly, Westminster, and Foreign Quarterly Reviews each $3, the four together $8 — Blackwood's Magazine $5, the Metropolitan $0, the two together $8	
Lady's Book, edited by Mrs S. J. Hale and Miss Leslie—plate of Fashion and two pieces of Music in each number	3 00

j 13 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

BOWEN'S Picture of Boston, or the Citizen's and Stranger's Guide; to which is affixed, the Annals of Boston. New edition with plates.

History of Ferdinand and Isabella. By W. H. Prescott, octavo.

Woman as she should be. By Rev. H. Winslow.

Embassy to the Eastern Courts of Cochin-China, Siam, and Muscat, in the U. S. sloop of war Peacock, Capt. Gelsinger commander. By Edmund Roberts. Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. jan 13

ANIMAL Magnetism, Part 3.—Practical instruction in Animal Magnetism. By J. P. F. Deleuze. With Notes by the translator, referring to cases in this country. In three parts. Part 3d, this day received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. jan 13

MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

PARLEY'S Magazine, 40 pages each month, for $1, with a very large number of fine wood engravings, delivered to subscribers in Boston free of expense, and subscriptions received for all parts of the country, by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. j 13

PALFREY'S LECTURES.

ACADEMICAL Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities, by J. G. Palfrey. First vol. will be published on Monday next, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street, where subscribers are requested to call for their copies. j 13

HOURS OF DEVOTION, translated by Morriss Mattson. Second American, from the thirteenth German edition. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j 13

NEW BOOKS,

LAMB'S Life and Works, 2 vols
The Love Token, by Miss Sedgewick
City of the Sultan, by Miss Pardoe
Southern Matron, by Mrs Gilman
Southey's Cowper, 15 vols complete
Joanna of Naples, by Miss Park
Animal Magnetism, part 2

Fresh supply just received, and for sale by
j 13 JAMES MUNROE & CO.

CHEAP MEDICAL READIMG.—Dunglison's Medical Library, furnishing enitre works at one tenth the common price, on large open type and good paper. About twenty entire Medical Treatises were printed during the first six months, besides more than 500 pages miscellaneous matter.

Brodie on Nervous Affections, which costs $ 1,75 was furnished in the Library for 12 1-2 cts, and other works in the same ratio, $10 per annum, 3328 pages. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. N. E. Publishers

ANIMAL MAGNETISM, Part 3.—Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism. By J. P. F. Deleuze, with notes by the translator referring to cases in this country. For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington street jan 13

NEW BOOKS.

A FRESH supply of the following this day received—Lamb's Works, complete, including his Letters and Life; Stevens's Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, &c.; Miss Sedgwick's Love Token for Children; Live and Let Live; Rich Poor Man and Poor Rich Man, by the same author—at WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121 Washington street. j 13

THE BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. 1. January 1838.

The subscriber will publish on the first day of January 1838—'The Boston Quarterly Review.' No. 1, for January 1838. This work is devoted to Religion, Politics, Philosophy, and general literature, and is open to the free discussion of all topics of general permanent interest, &c.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

Introductory Remarks
Christ before Abraham
Whittier's Poems
Democracy
Bacon's Poems
Philosophy and common sense
Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa Oration

N. B. Subscriptions solicited. BENJAMIN H. GREENE, Publisher 124 Washington st.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. 98. for January.—Contents.

Cooper's Novels and Travels.
Cicero
Talfourd's Letters of Charles Lamb
Hoffman's Course of Legal Study
De Quincy's Life of Raphael
Grund's Americans
Constitutional Law
Greene's Tales from the German
The Discovery of America by the Northmen
Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella
Critical Notices
Editor's Note
Quarterly List of New Publications

OTIS, BROADERS & CO.
jan 6 147 Washington street,

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

THE following religious books are particularly recommended as presents for the coming year.

Memoir of Rev. Bernard Whitman, with a portrait.

The true Believer's Defence against charges prefered by Trinitarians, for not believing in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the Trinity &c. by Chas. Morgridge, minister of the 1st Christian church in New Bedford.

Sephora, a Hebrew Tale.
The Christian Keepsake, an annual for 1838.
The Path of Peace.
The Sunday School Guide, just published.
The Teacher's Present. do do

Also a great variety of books for children, suitable for presents

BENJ. H. GREENE,
dec 30 124 Washington st.

POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY REV. W. B. O. PEABODY.

How fast the rushing files of years
  Move on their stern array!
The messengers of joy and tears,
  Of rising or decay.
While many a weary heart grows cold
To see how soon their tale told;
The young heart wakes—the young eye seems
To catch new brightness from the gleams
Of glorious and reviving dreams
  That crown the New Year's day.

This day reminds us of the past!
  When young existence ran,
A radiant current, bright and fast,
  Before the storms began,
And threw the shadows of their wrath
Across the brightness of our path;
To cloud the visions sweet and strange
Of youthful fancy in its range,
And teach us what a dreary change
  It is to be a man.

Bright is the good old winter blaze
  The high remembrance burns,
Soon as our glimpse of early days
  The weary soul discerns.
The rising of the New Year's sum
Bring back those pleasures one by one;
The early 'wish,'—the glad reply
Of little voices ringing high
Before the dawn was in the sky;
  The very sound returns!

And all that day the sparkle played
  In every youthful eye,
The stern old teacher kindly laid
  His week day terrors by.
The New Year's wish was warmly given;
There was no chill save that of heaven,
To check the free and joyous glow
Of young emotions in their flow!
And even the wild winds mourned low
  Through all the frozen sky.

And when around the sounding blaze
  The evening circle spread,
The firelight cast on every face
  Its deep and radiant red.
We talked of darkness and its powers,
Of ghosts that walked in shivering towers;
Till listening to the tales of wonder
Each sound was like the startling thunder,
And our young heart was rent assunder
  In that delighted dread.

Like one who from a distant land
  Returns his home to see,
And starts, to see the stranger stand
  Beneath his father's tree;
To us the coming New Year's day
Tells but of pleasures past away.
The day without the joy returns;
The fire, but not the bosom burns,
And there the spirit sadly learns
  What life was meant to be.

The dial-hands of heaven sublime
  Wheel round their brilliant way
And point to man the lapse of time,
  While man grows old and grey.
His joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Are sinking in the grave of years;
But this dark prospect is not all,
And though the shades of evening fall
He yet may hear a heavenly call
  To hail a New Year's day.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision rais'd its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

BY MARY COLLING.

The brakes with golden flowers were crown'd,
And melody was heard around,
When near a stream, a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head.
While trembling to the breeze it hung,
The streamlet, as it roll'd along,
The beauty of the morn confess'd,
And thus the sparkling pearl address'd:—

'Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness;
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedew'd by thee:
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye.'

'You may rejoice, indeed, 'tis true,
Replied the radiant drop of dew.
'You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove;
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me to the sky;
And, I must own my humble power,
I've but refresh'd a humble flower!'

'Hold!' cried the stream, 'nor thus repine,
For well 'tis known a power divine,
Subservient to His will supreme,
Hath made the dew-drop and the stream.
Tho' small thou art (I that allow,)
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou;
Thou hast refresh'd an humble flower,
And done according to thy power.
All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author form'd them all.
This thought may all repinings quell,
What serves His purpose serves Him well.'

From the New Hampshire Spectator.

PRAYER.

The smiling sky is ever bright,
  The earth is fair with flowers,
There comes no night, there falls no blight,
  On childhood's blissful hours—
Then pray,—Heaven sees no sight so fair
As happy childhood bowed in prayer.

The summer dew, the rainbow's hue
  Are pure and lovely things—
And youth hath dreams as lovely too,
  As pure imaginings;
They pass away, they pass away,
What charm can stay them? Kneel and pray.

Then comes the time of busy schemes,
  And man must earn a name:
His morning thoughts, his midnight dreams
  Are wealth, and power, and fame;
Heaven heeds them not—one humble prayer
Would be a better passport there.

Age, thou art winter, cold and drear,
  Without the hope of spring;
Thy strength is gone, thy leaf is sere,
  Thy root is withering;
And earth has nothing worth thy care,—
Yet pray,—for heaven is won by prayer.

CORNELIA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE STORY OF THE BACK-ROOM WINDOW.

We live in a world of busy passions. Love and Hate, Sorrow and Joy, in a thousand shapes are forever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbors are 'Exultations, Agonies!' And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted, (like the people in the palace of truth,) all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which Time is forever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies; almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region; or to hold his 'fame' in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered into the dust.

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts regarding a neighboring family, which else had probably slipped quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate, is almost literally, a *fact*.

—

Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in ——— Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful; the marble chimney piece being distinguished by a painting by Cipriani, whilst on the ceiling were scattered some of the conventional elegancies of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows which occupied the northern extremity of the room, we looked, (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses,—the points of the arc receding from us. I mention these things, merely to recall to your mind our precise position.

In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbor dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only, was for some reason deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the cause of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly,—it was on an April morning—we perceived for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about in different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant.

'Well,' said ——, 'at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or, perhaps after all, he is merely endeavoring to decoy the unwary passenger? We shall see.'

A few weeks determined the question: for after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odor of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms.—These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know 'what manner of man' he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival.

At last, a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office,—a merchant, or a professional man,—whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain! In the end he went away altogether.

'Each morn we missed him in the accustomed room.'

And no one, except the solitary maid, was seen. Throwing open the windows at morning, to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing with a delicate hand the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighborhood, or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, 'imparadised' in rustic dreams, she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the '*genius loci*' which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently for another comer.

We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white, she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away, and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Every thing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book-case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced.

The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words—'How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of ——!' It was altogether a pretty scene.

Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and, when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon; or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated.

At last, Spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plane put forth its tender leaves, the sky grew blue overhead (even in London); and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady? Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden (when the sun was full upon it); at other times she might be seen, wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business) she walked a little, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and perhaps common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him—the responsibility of love. It is thus that in some natures, Love is wanting to their full developement. It raises and refines, and magnifies the intellect which else would remain trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human mind springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dullness into vigor and beauty, under the 'charming wand of Love.

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But let us proceed.

On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light, burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child! We drank to its health in wine.

For a few days, quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came—and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly!) to hide a world of grief. Ere long, the bedroom window was thrown open—the shutters of the house were closed—and in a week, a hearse was at the door. The mystery was clear—she was dead!

She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this?—She lived, and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one moral creature, fond and fragile as herself. And for a name—a tomb—alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests forever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know where it is that we have laid our fading treasures. Otherwise the pilgrimage is as easy (and as painful) to the simple churchyard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs—what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging Heavens! and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows!

—

The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another, were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which the mother purchased, were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned toward it all of his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her, who had strewn sunshine in his path; and he valued it accordingly.

But all would not do. A month—'a little month'—and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her child were again together.

—

From this period a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the cares which he bestowed upon her child) now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night a mad and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of his early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into the morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window.

What was he then thinking of? Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her? her patience, her gentleness, her deep untiring love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity, his young and manly spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception of one single joy. Ah! but that was *all*. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence, the present, the past—the bright to come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the picture of innumerable blessings. He had trod 'even in dreams upon a sunny shore.' And now ——!

But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell from step to step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old before his time;' and might have subsided into a paralysed cripple or a moody idiot, had not Death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery.

He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train.—But all, in their time disappeared. And in a few weeks, workmen came thronging again to the empty house;—the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautified. The same board, which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, 'To Let' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again; and that the interval was nothing but a dream.

—

And is this all? Yes, this is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have made it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life—first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow, all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured, that there is no more an equality in the heart, than in the ever moving ocean.

You will ask me to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passion! to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love, nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair?—Some wise friend will tell you that you may learn never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east wind may blow into the dust, is any thing but the act of a wise man. And to grieve for her when dead—to sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more useless? All this can be proved, by every rule of logic.

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except, perhaps, that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathise with your kind. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand, which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too well contented to reach.

We should not commit ourselves to the fields and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts, beneath these great influences, and endeavor to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (though it may sleep,) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it. And I hope that you will not entirely contemn this, until you have given it the consideration of a friend.—It is this—'*Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in.*'

BARRY CORNWALL.

ECCENTRIC ADVENTURE.

The Philadelphia Ledger lately stated on the authority of a friend, that Capt. Shackford of Portsmouth, N. H. once made a passage to England in a 'small open vessel,' with no other companion than a dog—and when he landed in England, he was apprehended on suspicion of piracy. This statement is exceedingly incorrect. The Capt. Shackford, who is probably alluded to, upwards of thirty years ago, sailed from Cadiz for Demerara, in a sloop of forty or fifty tons, with no companion, save a dog. He arrived there in safety after a long passage, and brought his vessel to anchor outside the bar. His face was unwashed, his chin unshaven, and his hair long and matted—altogether he presented an unusual, and not a very prepossessing appearance to the officers of the port and the pilots, who boarded the vessel. The story which he told, appeared incredible, and he was suspected of having murdered the remainder of the crew on the passage. Some ship-masters, belonging to Portsmouth, however, on going on board, recognized their old acquaintance, notwithstanding he was so singularly travestied, and vouched for his general good character, and eccentric disposition. He was liberated, and allowed to dispose of his cargo consisting entirely of chalk and wine-vinegar, which he did to great advantage, there being a scarcity of those articles in Demerara at that time.

The same Capt. Shackford, some time after this, took 'French leave' of his wife and children, and wended his way on foot to the 'far West,' where in a wild and solitary spot, near the banks of the Mississippi he built himself a log hut, bearing a close resemblance to the cabin of a ship. Here he lived a number of years—and what ultimately became of him we know not. It may have been him, for aught we know to the contrary, who for several years past, held the office of Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Representatives in Congress.—*Boston Mer. Journal.*

The statements above given are substantially correct, as we have heard them before stated, except the closing intimation of the personage. Josiah Shackford, was the name of the intrepid captain, mate, cook and all hands of the vessel. He formerly lived in this town, but removed some time since to Ohio, where he died six or eight years since, at the age of 87 years. He was a distant relative of our late respected townsman the Sergeant-at-arms.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

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